

Ricardo Arjona

"Still Preachin"

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[T-Bone]

Comin straight from the Westcoast killin fields
In the Bone Corelone, pimpin, keep it real
You know the deal, corn braids and the thug appeal
Street slang, make the hits that the thugs feel
Demons nudge grill
When they hear my scoped aimed and I shoot to kill
And haters jealous, cause I'm saggin for the dollar bill
Platinum, crushed ice, and its all real
Gospel hip hop got it locked still
Who do you think it was sprinkled the game
Wit Westcoast, Gospel rap plus a brim and a cane
Street slang and a message that they couldnt contain
Taught you bout the streets and the way that they
banged
Cocaine, methinphedamines, gin and tonic, remmy
martin
Hennessey, sherm, chocolate tie and the chronic
Blood, Crips, Eses, M 13
Parues, Zou bous, no rules and county blues
Ya'll

[Chorus]

Still preachin that Word wit the bangin beats
Reached locked out loks, grindin on the streets
Hustlers, servin caine, g's pullin hit
Steady reachin em wit the word seven days aweek
[2x]

[T-Bone]

Im still rippin and kickin flippin and spittin lyrics that got
you thinkin
Trippin, grippin your Bibles, diggin jus to see whats
written
Invision pawin in prison livin in the worst conditions
makin desiscions
Wit conviction for the One that's arisen, see my mission
Is to give visions to the ones that listen like catacism
But the ones arrested for vandalism, it's your
desiscions
Eternal prision, or you can except what the Lords given

What's that? Your sins forgiven
See I'm tryin to get you walkin through the Pearly Gates
And save you from the lake of fire, full of demon
snakes
How do I do that?
By askin the Lord to forgive you of all of your sins
And then turnin away from all of your wickedness and
not turn back
And start walkin on the straight and narrow
Get the Word inside of your temple until it's dwellin in
your bone marrow
No more packin a gat in the back of a lack
Attackin, and smackin a crackhead wit a baseball bat

[Chorus]

[T-Bone]

Still makin g music for the cold killers
Gangbangers, convicts, pimps, playas, weed smokers
and them drug dealers
Cap peelers, thieves, felons and those guerillas
And drug lords, over seas stackin big skrilla
And still the same, ain't nothin changed
Street raps, altar calls and proclaim the name
Never was a shame of the One who was slain
On the dirt and all the pain, bleedin wit nails in His
hand
Jus to save me from the burnin flames
Amazin Grace, He took my place
Paid the ransom, then got my sins earsed
And now, words can't express what I feel inside of my
flesh
Every breath is given God glory until my death
See I'm blessed, beyond mesasures
Like silver and gold treasures and world pleasures
Spinnin Lexus' changin the world preasures
So that heathens that were grieven, theifin
Can now believin that Jesus bleedin was for a reason
Because of what I'm spittin

[Chorus]

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